Enter Cleon the Gouernor of Tharſus, with his wife and others.

Cleon. My *Dioniſia*, ſhall we reſt vs here,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach vs to forget our owne?

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hils becauſe they do aſpire,
Throwes downe one Mountaine to caſt vp a higher:
O my diſtreſſed Lord, euen ſuch our griefes are,
Here they are but felt, and ſeene with miſchiefes eies,
But like to Groues being topt, they higher riſe.

Cleon. O *Dionizia*,
Who wanteth food, and will not ſay he wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till he famiſh?
Our tongues and ſorrowes do ſound deepe:
Our woes into the ayre, our eyes to weepe,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heauen ſlumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers, to comfort them.
Ile then diſcourſe our woes felt ſeuerall yeares,
And wanting breath to ſpeake, helpe me with teares.

Dion. Ile do my beſt Sir.

Cleon. This *Tharſus*, ore which I haue the gouernment,
A Citty, on whom plenty held full hand:
For riches ſtrewd her ſelfe euen in the ſtreetes,
Whoſe towers bore heads ſo high, they kiſt the clouds,
And ſtrangers nere beheld, but wondred at,
Whoſe men and dames ſo ietted and adorn'd,
Like one anothers glaſſe to trim them by:
Their tables were ſtor'd full, to glad the ſight,
And not ſo much to feed on as delight,
All pouerty was ſcornd, and pride ſo great,
The name of helpe grew odious to repeate.

Dion. Oh tis true.

Cleon. But ſee what heauen can do by this our change: